

KINDNESS

DRAWER

3A

PERSONALITY

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Abraham Lincoln's Personality

Kindness

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

CONSIDER THE POOR.

1814
The Psalmist said "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." It is said that Abraham Lincoln was passing an intermediate school near the white house in Washington, as he watched the boys with that spirit of kindness that characterized his life, he noticed that a one armed boy had brought down on himself the ridicule of his playmates for using stove blacking on his shoes, the only kind of polish which his home afforded. The poor boy tried to be brave but his lips were quivering and tears were in his eyes. Mr. Lincoln uttered no reproof but entered the school house and made inquiry of the teacher as to the home of the boy and was informed that his father was dead and that his mother had other children and was washing to keep the family. This moved the President to plan for a visit with his wife to this humble home. While Mrs. Lincoln visited with the widow, Lincoln took the nine-year old boy who he had seen embarrassed on the school ground, went to a clothing store, bought him two suits and a pair of shoes, radiant with the best blacking. Mrs. Lincoln arranged for supplying the little girls in the home with clothing and a supply of coal and groceries were also ordered. In addition to this information the lad brought his teacher a scrap of paper containing a verse of scripture which Mr. Lincoln requested to have written on the blackboard. "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

HIS POOR RELATIONS

One of the most beautiful traits of Mr. Lincoln's character was his considerate regard for the poor and obscure relatives he had left, plodding along in their humble ways of life. Wherever upon his circuit he found them, he always went to their dwellings, ate with them, and, when convenient, made their houses his home. He never assumed in their presence the slightest superiority to them. He gave them money when they needed it and he had it. Countless times he was known to leave his companions at the village hotel, after a hard day's work in the court room, and spend the evening with these old friends and companions of his humbler days. On one occasion, when urged not to go, he replied, "Why, Aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her;" yet he was

obliged to walk several miles to make the call. (72)



LINCOLN AS A WATCHMAN.

An Old Soldier Tells How the Liberator Once Acted as a Policeman. 1855

James Etter, an old soldier, who for twenty years has been one of the day watchmen of the Winder building, which is occupied by the bureau of the second auditor of the treasury, relates with pride an interesting experience he had in 1863, says a Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. As he was alone in the building one sultry July Sunday morning, a tall, clerical-looking man entered from 17th street, and politely asked him whether Surgeon Barnes was in his office. He replied that Barnes had not been there since the preceding day. The stranger thanked him and retired, but returned half an hour later with the same inquiry. Again receiving a reply in the negative, he said: "I am Mr. Lincoln, the president. You allow me to take your place as watchman while you go to Surgeon Barnes's house and tell him I want to see him. Let me have your badge, and I will sit right here in your chair, and carefully attend to your duties till you come back."

The veteran, in relating the story, says that for a moment he was speechless from astonishment, but quickly recovering himself, he pinned his badge on the coat of the president of the United States, and hurried off after Dr. Barnes, whom he brought back with him. "Well," said the president, as he returned the badge to its rightful possessor, "I have proved true to my trust as your substitute, and nothing has gone wrong while you were away." The old watchman feels proud to think that he is the only policeman who was ever relieved by the president. Surgeon Barnes lived on Lafayette square, and it took Etter half an hour to go there and back; so for that space of time Abraham Lincoln acted as a watchman of the treasury department.

Lincoln's Good Turns

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

"One day a gentleman passing through the White House Park saw Mr. Lincoln listening to a soldier who was evidently in a violent rage.

"He stopped within hearing distance and gathered that the man had just been discharged from Libby prison, and, though he had his hospital certificate, had not been able to get his pay. He had not the least idea that he was abusing the president to his face. When he stopped for breathe the gentleman heard Mr. Lincoln say:

"Well, now, let me see those papers of yours. I have been a lawyer myself; perhaps I can help you."

"They sat down at the foot of a tree, and, after looking over the papers, the president penciled something on them, told the man where to go, and went on to the war department.

"As soon as Mr. Lincoln was out of sight, the listener went up to the soldier, asked him what the trouble was and what was written on the paper. Here was the note: 'Mr. Potts,' (Mr. Potts was the chief clerk in the war department), 'attend to this man's case at once and see that he gets his pay. A. L.'

"News of Mr. Lincoln's daily good turn to soldiers in difficulties spread abroad, and all through the army the men came to have that profound confidence in him that led them to speak of him as Father Abraham. Again and again, when they could not get their troubles righted elsewhere they would push themselves into the White House, and almost always come out with the little white card which all Washington was obliged to obey. I have seen one which read:

"Sec. of War, please see this Pittsburgh boy. He is very young, and I shall be satisfied with whatever you do for him.

"Aug. 21, 1863. A. Lincoln."

"The Pittsburgh boy was one of many who had slipped into the White House, put his case before the president, and received his help."



A DESERTER'S SINS

The following reply was made by Lincoln to an application for the pardon of a soldier who had shown himself brave in war, had been severely wounded, but afterward deserted:

"Did you say he was once badly wounded?"

"Then as the Scriptures say that in the shedding of blood is the remission of sins, I guess we'll have to let him off this time."

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

How a Pennsylvania Soldier Got the Tobacco He Wanted Badly.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

In the latter part of 1862 the 157th Pennsylvania Volunteers were stationed at Washington, preparatory to moving toward Richmond. For some unknown reason their salaries had been delayed for two months, and the boys found themselves "strapped" pretty closely for money. Among the members of Company D was a wild, harum-scarum sort of fellow, hailing from Lancaster County. For about a week he had been without an ounce of tobacco. From everybody he questioned he received the same answer—"Haven't an ounce; money all went a month ago."

The poor fellow endured the agony for a while, but finally, becoming desperate, he got leave of absence from camp one morning and started off up G street in the direction of the White House. Arriving there, he stopped for a while looking over the fence into the grounds surrounding the Executive Mansion, and presently caught sight of the President walking along the path in front of the house. Just then a bright idea struck him. Mustering up his courage, he stalked into the garden and presently neared the President.

"Good morning, Mr. President," he said, touching his cap.

"Good morning, my man," replied "Old Abe." "What can I do for you?"

"The soldier hesitated for a while, but noticing the President's kindly look, finally said: 'The fact of the matter is, Mr. President, we haven't had any money for two months now, and every one of us is dead broke, and I'm almost dead for a chew of tobacco.'"

A smile lit up the face of the great war President as he received this information, and then his hand went down into his pocket. Drawing forth a silver dollar he handed it to the "broken" volunteer and said:

"It shan't be said that one of my soldiers died for the want of some tobacco. I need his services too much for that. Buy some tobacco with this, and I think by the time it is gone you will have received all the money that is due you."

With a gratified "thank you, Mr. President," the soldier lifted his cap and passed quickly out of the grounds. The back salary was paid shortly after the occurrence.

Didn't Tell Congress.



FARMER in Maine had two sons serving in the army and in their absence he tended to all the labor about the farm himself. By some accident or other he was incapacitated for further manual work and his farm was about to go to waste. He bethought himself of his two sons and wished eagerly that at least one of them were now with him. He determined to go to Lincoln and ask for the release of one of his sons. Most of his friends told him that his efforts would be fruitless. Nevertheless he went. He explained his dilemma to the president, who seemed rather uncertain. He also knew that Stanton would grow angry and resent such an action.

Finally he said: "All right, I'll let you keep one son and we will keep the other. You can tell Stanton that I have given all the members of congress the privilege of discharging one soldier, but don't tell it to the members of congress."

The boy was discharged, and needless to say none of the members of congress exercised their supposed right of discharging soldiers, of which right they were unaware.

LINCOLN'S REASON.

From the Boston Herald.

The late E. W. Kinsley used to relate the following passage of words between President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, which occurred during an interview Mr. Kinsley had with the president in regard to the feeling of Massachusetts on the issuance of the proclamation of emancipation in 1863.

While Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Kinsley were talking, a clerk opened the door and said that a woman insisted upon seeing the president. Mr. Lincoln directed that she be admitted. A poor old woman, her clothes clinging to her worn-out frame, and with tears running down her cheeks, entered the room and asked Mr. Lincoln for a pass that she might go to nurse her son, who was in a field hospital. The president told her it was impossible; that no pass could be given to anyone outside the military.

"Her grief," said Mr. Kinsley, "was pitiable. She pleaded with Mr. Lincoln to be allowed to go and nurse her boy, till at last the president, every muscle in his rugged face quivering with emotion, turned to his desk, wrote a few lines, handed it to her, and said: 'There is your pass; go to Secretary Stanton and get it countersigned.'"

"The woman thankfully received the note and withdrew to the secretary's quarters.

"After her departure Mr. Lincoln leaned his head upon his hand, and in silence awaited the storm he knew would follow when Stanton had seen what the missive was. He was not kept long in suspense. In a moment the door flew open, and in came Stanton greatly excited.

"'Mr. President,' he said, 'don't you know that under no circumstances can a pass be given to a civilian—why did you give a pass to this woman?'"

"Quick as a flash came the answer: 'Because she don't wear hoops.' Lincoln knew that he should not have given the pass, and that against Stanton's anger he could oppose no logical excuse, so he evaded it with that irrelevant reply. The secretary turned and left the

room without a word but the old woman got her pass.

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Lincoln and the Sentry.

Since the war the White House has never been guarded by soldiers, and even in war time Mr. Lincoln once dispensed with the protection of the sentry. "On one fierce winter night," says a recent writer, "Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly about his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection, for he was on his way to the War Department at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to go to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and, turning to him, said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job to-night; step inside and stand guard there.' 'My orders keep me out here,' the soldier replied.

"'Yes,' said the President, in his argumentative tone, 'but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in.'"

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered, and resumed his beat.

"Hold on, there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again. "It occurs to me that I am commander-in-chief of the army, and I order you to go inside."

1857

Lincoln's Amiability.

The eulogies on Lincoln are open to criticism, as a rule, in the respect that they emphasize his amiability too much at the expense of other and more practical and forceful qualities of his splendid character. He was remarkable for his kindness and tenderness, it is true, but he had exceptional firmness, also, when the occasion called for it, and he never allowed his heart to betray his head in any serious duty or responsibility. It is not strictly correct to say of him, as Col. Ingersoll, for instance, is fond of doing, that "he never abused power except upon the side of mercy." As a matter of fact, he did not abuse power even in that gracious and pardonable way. His acts of clemency all had method in them, and were dictated by sound considerations of prudence and policy. He did not like to inflict pain or to cause unhappiness of any kind, but when justice required such action he was always equal to the disagreeable task. It is a depreciation of his greatness to represent him as a man who was always at the mercy of his emotions, and who could not give a negative answer when appealed to in the interest of forbearance and forgiveness. There was never an instance of weakness in his manifestations of sympathy. He did not hesitate to impose deserved penalties; his hands were not raised in benediction when the law needed vindication by harsher means. It was his delight to find sufficient reasons for being merciful, but in the absence of such reasons, he did not permit sentiment to determine his course. There was an iron hand in the velvet glove that he habitually wore, as was repeatedly demonstrated during his official career.

It is easy to indorse Col. Ingersoll's assertion that this man of many trials and sorrows is "the gentlest memory of our world;" but it is not right to magnify his rare personal goodness in such a degree as to disparage his greatness as a resolute and conscientious ruler. He could not be persuaded to set aside the verdict of a court-martial merely because of pity for the condemned offender. The idea that anybody who was able to reach him could play upon his feelings at pleasure and get favors from him against his better judgment is an absurdly erroneous one. He was not a man who acted upon impulse in any contingency. His brain was always sane and clear, and he was guided by its sober reflections, whatever appeals were made to his known kindness. It is foolish to suppose that a man lacking in force of character and ready to succumb to every story of distress could have performed the vast and substantial service that he rendered. He could not be swerved from the path of duty by any emotional influence, and he could not be deceived by any sort of sophistry or hypocrisy. Often when he seemed to be making concessions he was really having his own way, and subordinating the plans and wishes of others to his own interests and purposes. He was as sincere as the sunlight, but he knew the value of strategy, and recognized the necessity of dealing with hu-

man nature as he found it. "All there is of honest statesmanship," he once exclaimed, "consists in combining individual meannesses for the public good." He wore his heart upon his sleeve in the sense that he was quick to pity misfortune, and to temper justice with mercy when the circumstances warranted it; but his amiability was under perfect control at all times, and he never failed to assert his authority in an absolute and decisive manner when that was what the conditions demanded.

G.D. 214.1853

J WRIGHT

HER BREAKFAST WITH LINCOLN.

The President Shared His Bread and Coffee with an Early Caller.

From the Washington Post, 1854

"Early in the war my husband was instrumental, both by his energy and means, in organizing a volunteer regiment in New York, of which he was given the colonelship. Our marriage had been a youthful one, and when he bade me good-by to join the army I was a bride of 20, and a mere child, as far as any experience of worldly affairs was concerned. Not many months had elapsed after his departure until the distressing news came that he had been captured by the Confederates and was a prisoner in Libby. I was, of course, wild with grief and excitement; and in my simplicity, I felt that if only some one would go to Washington and see the President his freedom would in some way be obtained. First one member of my family, then another, tried to convince me of the futility of such a movement. But, after a few wretched days and wakeful nights, I made up my mind I would go to Washington and see the President myself. I knew my family would prevent me, if possible; so, under the pretense of spending the night with friends in a distant part of New York, I boarded a night train for Washington. I felt such confidence in the success of my trip as only simplicity and youth can.

"It was not later than 6 o'clock, on a beautiful spring morning, when I reached the Baltimore and Potomac Depot. I was so eager in my mission, so sure of my success, that I had no thought of hotels, breakfast, or anything else, but went directly from the station to the White House. When I rang the bell I was informed, to my dismay, that the President had not yet arisen, and positively would not receive any one before 9 o'clock. I tried to plead for an earlier reception; told the doorkeeper that I was Col. —'s wife; that he was in Libby Prison; that I had come all the way from New York to tell the President about it, but the door was closed upon me. Besides my eagerness to effect my husband's release I was fearful that delay might cause my absence to be discovered at home. I, tremblingly walked to a seat in the park and impatiently waited for the hands of my watch to point to 9. Promptly at the minute I was again at the door.

"Is the President up yet?" I inquired.

"Yes, madam, he is at breakfast, and you can not see him."

"But I must see him," I repeated, excitedly. "Tell him that I am here—Col. —'s wife—my husband is in prison—I must get back to New York."

"I suppose pity for my almost hysterical condition touched the man's heart, for he asked me to wait, and in a few minutes I was ushered into the presence of the President. He was sitting at a round table near a window of the room—his library, I think—before him a cup of coffee and a plate containing two large slices of bread, cut the full length of the loaf. Up to this moment I had felt that once admitted to his presence I could pour forth my grief and prayers to him in words that would surely avail. But now there was something in the simple presence of that quiet man sitting there at the table that made me speechless. I felt that I did not know what to do. I wished I had not come.

"Well, my little woman," said he, looking at me over his paper, 'you wish to see me?'

"Yes," I gasped, rather than spoke, 'my husband—'

"Take that chair," he said, kindly, seeing my inability to proceed; and after I had seated myself at the table opposite him he asked me in the most matter-of-fact way if I had been to breakfast. I told him, with an effort to control my voice, that I had not cared for any; I could not have eaten it.

"This will never do," he said, 'you must have breakfast with me, and while we eat you can tell me your story,' and pouring a portion of his coffee into the saucer and halving the two slices of bread, he shared the bread with me and gave me the saucer of coffee. I was beginning to feel more at ease. I glanced at him uneasily, to try and catch some intimation of what I was expected to do. He was sipping his coffee. I tasted a morsel of bread. It was the old 'piece' dear to every country child—bread and butter and sugar. And as we sat there sipping our coffee and eating our bread—something like Pip and Joe Gargery, I have often thought since—my awe of the man before me was dispelled and I told him the story of my husband's capture and my sorrow, with all the simplicity and confidence that a daughter would speak to a father.

"Mr. Lincoln kindly explained to me that he could do nothing for my husband—that it was beyond his power. His only hope was that a parole would take place in four weeks, and that he would effect my husband's exchange if he could. I was back in New York again that evening, and never heard a word from Mr. Lincoln regarding my husband again. But in just a little over four weeks my husband arrived in New York, sick, emaciated and in a dreadful physical condition. But he recovered, and I have always believed that that bread and butter and sugar of Mr. Lincoln's saved his life."

Lincoln Kissed a Wounded Man in Hospital.

Is a history of the Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, 1864-1865, written by Thomas L. Livermore of Boston, who was colonel of the regiment and is now vice president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining company. It published the following pathetic and true story of Abraham Lincoln:

President Lincoln was at City Point during the momentous period of March 24 to April 7, 1865. An incident then occurred which deserves to be permanently recorded among the many in the life of that great patriot which sprang from the kindness and sympathy of this great soul and the unaffected simplicity of his character. That a living member of the Eighteenth was a witness and now tells the story is the warrant for inserting it in this history. Maj. William S. Greenough, who was wounded April 2, was carried to the hospital at City Point, nine miles in the rear. Following his description of the hospital, below is the story as written by him:

The hospital buildings were of uniform size and construction, placed equidistant from one another, on both sides of and end to a wide open way or avenue, in size about 20 by 60 feet, with end and side walls of pine logs placed in the ground in upright position, the logs of the side walls being sawed off at a height of about eight feet from the ground, capped and bound together by hewn plates. Lighter logs formed the rafters of the sloping roof, over which framework a covering of cotton cloth was tightly drawn, affording an excellent interior light. In the side walls were a few small windows and one in each gable end for the purpose of ventilation.

The floors were of rough pine boards. In the center of each end of the building was a door, not generous in dimensions, and from door to door ran the main passageway or aisle. On either side of this main aisle were placed the narrow iron cots, sixty in all to each building. Maj. Greenough writes:

Brave Young Capt. Houghton.

"In the first of a long row of buildings, the one known as the 'officers' ward,' there were, on the afternoon of April 2, 1865, sixty officers of the Ninth corps, all of whom had been wounded in the Fort Stedman fight of March 25 or in the operations on the Petersburg lines of April 1 and 2. As one entered the building from the main avenue there lay in the first cot of the right hand row a young officer in whom all the other occupants of the building who were not too much engrossed with their own troubles were deeply interested—Capt. Charles H. Houghton of the Fourteenth New York heavy artillery.

"Capt. Houghton had borne a highly distinguished part in the daybreak fight at Fort Stedman, and later in the morning in the heroic defense of Fort Haskell, where he received three severe wounds. Two of these wounds had been received early in the action, but the captain had resolutely refused to leave his command until Gordon's confederates had all been killed, captured, or driven back, Fort Stedman retaken, and our lines reestablished. His splendid bravery had been highly commended by his superior officers, and for it he was promoted by the president to the rank of brevet major.

Bore sufferings bravely.

"When placed in the next cot to Maj. Houghton's, late in the afternoon of April 2 I was familiar with the story of his bravery—as were most of the men of our division—and so long as life lasts shall I be thankful for the privilege of a fortnight's study of his patience, modesty, cheerfulness, and heroism. Maj. Houghton's age was probably about 22 or 23. About 6 feet in height and slender, with classic features, black hair, and large black eyes, he was a noble looking young soldier. He had suffered amputation of the left leg above the knee and in consequence was extremely pale; his life, indeed, was thought to hang by a thread, and the first inquiry in the morning and throughout the day from the occupants of the cots was, 'How is Houghton? Will he pull through?'

"It happened that my injury necessitated lying on my left side, and so, separated as our cots were by little more than an arm's length, I was privileged to watch, to study, to pity, and to love this man. On the night of April 6 there came a serious crisis in Hough-

ton's case through a secondary hemorrhage of an artery of the amputated limb. Surgeons and nurses worked until daylight to assuage the flowing life blood. All in the ward were deeply interested, and there was many a sigh of relief from his companions when in the early morning word went down the line of cots that the artery had been 'taken up' and there was yet ground for hope.

President Is Announced.

"About 9 o'clock of the following forenoon the door which I lay facing opened, and from the surgeon in charge of the corps hospital, Dr. McDonald, came the command, 'Attention! The president of the United States.' To myself, and probably to most of us, this was unexpected, for we had not known that President Lincoln had been visiting the army.

"Raising my eyes to the doorway I had my first sight of the president, and it was not an impressive one. His clothes were travel stained, ill-fitting, and dusty; his hat was an immensely exaggerated type of the 'stove-pipe' variety; his neckwear was awry, and his face showed pressing need of the services of a barber. In short, his whole appearance seemed to justify the caricaturists of those days in their worst cartoons.

"Unescorted, except by the surgeon, the president, bowing his tall form to enter the low doorway, stepped in, turned a step or two to the right, and, tenderly placing his hand on Houghton's forehead, stood for an instant looking into his face; then, bending down to the low cot, as a mother would to her child, he kissed Houghton's white cheek.

"In voice so tender and so low that only my near proximity enabled me to hear, he began to talk to him, telling him how he had heard from Dr. McDonald all the story of his bravery in battle, his heroic fight for life, and quiet cheerfulness in hospital, and of the sad happening of the night.

"This Awful, Awful War."

"Poor Houghton could only reply with faint smiles and whispers that were too low to reach my ears, but Mr. Lincoln heard, and a smile came to his grave face. Turning to his surgeon, the President asked to be shown the major's wounds, especially the amputated limb. Dr. McDonald tried to dissuade him by saying the sight, especially after what had just taken place, would be too shocking. But the President insisted, turned down the light coverings, and took a hasty look. Straightening up, with a deep groan of pain, and throwing up both his long arms, he cried out, 'Oh, this awful, awful war!' Then bending again to Houghton with the tears cutting wide furrows down his dust-stained cheeks, and with great sobs shaking him, he exclaimed, 'Poor boy! Poor boy! You must live! You must!' This time the major's whispered answer, 'I intend to, sir,' was just audible. [And here, let me say, in parentheses, he did live, many long and useful years.] With a tender parting handstroke and a 'God bless you, my boy,' the President moved to the next cot in line, and to the next."

Lincoln and the Dying Soldier

ONE day in May, 1863, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals. He had spoken many cheering words to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy about sixteen years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

Taking the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own, the President said, in a tender tone:

"Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?"

The young fellow looked up into the President's kindly face and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln; and calling for pen, ink and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no signs of weariness. When it was finished, he arose saying:

"I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now is there anything else I can do for you?"

The boy looked up appealingly to the President.

"Won't you stay with me?" he asked. "I do want to hold on to your hand."

Mr. Lincoln at once perceived the lad's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist; so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over his breast. As he did so he burst into tears, and when, soon afterward, he left the hospital, they were still streaming down his cheeks.

—Selected.



MAJOR MOSES VEALE, tells a story of Lincoln which has not before been printed, and it shows again the great humane heart of the great martyr.

A colonel came one day to Stanton to get a permit to carry north for burial the body of his wife. She had been with the regiment down south and was accidentally killed. Stanton immediately refused to give the permit and the colonel went to see Lincoln.

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The president was very much depressed by some adverse event and told the colonel very bluntly that such a request could not be entertained for a moment. The colonel was in terrible grief at the idea of not being able to bury his wife at home. All the consolation that Lincoln gave him was to remark:

"Sadness is the common heritage of us all, and we must all take our share."

The colonel in despair left the president and went to his rooms. Needless to say, he did not sleep a wink all night. But he did not suspect that Lincoln was in the same wakeful condition.

In the morning the colonel was surprised to hear a knock at his door. Going to open it, he found, to his surprise, that his caller was Lincoln.

"Colonel," said the president, "yesterday I was harsh and unkind to you and have been unable all night to sleep; come with me."

And they both called upon Stanton, and Lincoln saw that the permit was given to the colonel.

And here are some more stories, new in the sense that they have never before appeared in print:

How Lincoln Listened to a Soldier's Complaint. 1865

Ida M. Tarbell tells a wonderful story of Lincoln in the February American Magazine. It is Billy Brown's account of Lincoln and his relations with the soldiers. Billy Brown was an old Springfield, Ill., friend of Lincoln's. Here is something that Lincoln himself once said to Brown:

"A while after Bull Run I met a boy out on the street here on crutches, thin and white, and I stopped to ask him about how he got hurt. Well, Billy, he looked at me hard as nails. and he says: 'Be you Abe Lincoln?' And I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he says, 'all I've got to say is you don't know your job. I enlisted glad enough to do my part, and I've done it, but you ain't done yours. You promised to feed me, and I marched three days at the beginning of these troubles without anything to eat but hardtack and two chunks of salt pork—no bread, no coffee—and what I did get wasn't regular. They got us up one morning and marched us ten miles without breakfast. Do you call that providin' for an army? And they sent us down to fight the Rebs at Bull Run and when we were doin' our best and holdin' 'em—I tell you, holdin' 'em—they told us to fall back. I swore I wouldn't—I hadn't come down there for that. They made me—hode me down. I got struck—struck in the back. Struck in the back and they left me there—never came for me, never gave me a drink and I-dyin' of thirst. I crawled five miles for water, and I'd be dead and rottin' in Virginia today if a teamster hadn't picked me up and brought me to this town and found an old darkey to take care of me. You ain't doin' your job, Abe Lincoln, you won't win this war until you learn to take care of the soldiers."

"I couldn't say a thing. It was true. It's been true all the time. It's true today. We ain't taking care of the soldiers like we ought."

LINCOLN AND THE WIDOW.

The 12th of February, Abraham Lincoln's birthday, brings to our thoughts stronger than ever reminiscences of this noble man's life, says a writer in Harper's Round Table. Hundreds of books have recorded and will perpetuate his good deeds for centuries to come, but it is a pleasure to read now and then of some little act of kindness that will stand alone illustrating the breadth of this man's sympathies and the nobility of his character. During all that dreadful period when the civil war was ravaging the country Lincoln held the reins of the government, and although worn out with the unceasing toll, he never neglected an opportunity to help those who suffered.

One day a poor woman, whose tears had worn furrows down her cheeks, gained an audience with Lincoln, and in a few words related the sad tale of her husband, who had fought in the Union army, only to lose his life, and of her three boys who were then fighting. She requested the discharge of



LINCOLN WROTE THE ORDER.

her eldest boy, that she might have some one to support her. Lincoln's heart responded to the appeal, and he replied: "Certainly, if you have given us all, and your prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys."

The poor woman went away light of heart, only to return later, tearfully begging the release of her second son. The discharge of the first son had come too late. He was killed before it reached him. Sadly Lincoln sat down and wrote the requisite order for the release of the second son, and rising, handed the paper to the afflicted woman, saying: "Now you have one and I have one of the two boys left; that is no more than right." Weeping with joy, the poor mother blessed Lincoln and hurried out to send her precious order.

A STORY OF LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATING HIS MARVELOUS
KINDNESS OF HEART.

"THE REPUBLICAN"

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Dr. David Stewart of North Liberty
Relates an Incident of the Siege of
Vicksburg.

2.13.1865

I have been reading with pleasure the many kind and noble acts of Mr. Lincoln, and which brings to my mind very vividly a circumstance that occurred in our own regiment, the 28th Iowa. When our enemy had just driven Pemberton's enemy into Vicksburg, and we were laying siege around the city, Jeremiah Wilson, a private in Co. H, 28th Iowa, received a very pathetic letter from home, saying one of his children had died and that another one was sick and his wife very sick, and not expected to live, and they wanted him to come home at once. So we got up a petition, signed by all the company. The officers of the regiment, the brigade commander and division commander, all signed it until it reached General Grant. The petition asked for a thirty days' furlough. Gen. Grant returned it "Disapproved," written on the back of it was: "No furloughs granted until after the surrender of Vicksburg." When this came back to Jerry he came to me with tears in his eyes and said he had a notion to go anyhow. I told him then he would get into trouble, as they would arrest him and shoot him as a deserter. He cursed the war and the government a while and said that the government did not value a man's life, and he was in great distress. I told him not to give up, that there was one more chance, and he asked what that was.

I said, "Appeal to Caesar."

He asked what I meant.

I said, Give me your letter and papers, so I mailed them to President Lincoln as personal. And in ten or eleven days we got a special order No. 232 granting Jerry Wilson a thirty days' furlough.

We were then in the rear of Vicksburg. That letter had to come up the river to Cairo before it reached a fast mail and yet in about ten days the return came which showed that Mr. Lincoln's heart was with the distressed soldier. I am another man who voted for Mr. Lincoln and have voted for every republican candidate for president since.

DAVID STEWART.

North Liberty, Iowa.

THE KINDLINESS OF LINCOLN

Small Republics News 2-12-18

When Lincoln was a lawyer in Springfield, Ill., one day he was going with a party of lawyers to attend court in another town. They rode, two by two, on horseback through a country lane. Lincoln was in the rear. As they passed through a thicket of wild plum and crabapple trees, his friends missed Lincoln. "Where is he?" they asked. Just then Lincoln's companion came riding up. "Oh," replied he, "when I saw him last, he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting the nest to put them back." After a little while Lincoln caught up with his friends, and when they rallied him about his tender heart, he said: "I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother."

Another time, Lincoln was riding past a deep miry ditch, and saw a pig struggling in the mud. The poor animal could not get out, and was squealing with terror. Lincoln looked at the pig and the mud, and then at his clothes—clean ones, that he had just put on. Then he decided in favor of the clean clothes, and rode along. But he could not get rid of the thought of the poor animal struggling so pitifully in its terror. He had not gone far when he turned back. He reached the ditch, dismounted, and tied his horse. Then he collected some old wooden rails, and with them made a foot bridge to the bottom of the ditch. He carefully walked down the bridge, and caught hold of the pig. He pulled it out, and setting it on the ground, let it run off. The screaming, struggling creature had splattered Lincoln's clean clothes with mud. His hands were covered with filth, so he went to the nearest brook, washed them, and wiped them on the grass. Later, when telling a friend about his adventure, Lincoln said that he had rescued the pig for purely selfish reasons, "to take a pain out of his own mind."

It was at the close of the civil war, the crisis had come, and the end of the long struggle was in sight. The union troops were hemming in Richmond. Then President Lincoln went himself to City Point, and there, while battle after battle was fought, he remained, anxiously waiting. In his tent lived a pet cat. It had a family of new-born kittens. Sometimes the president relieved his mind by playing with them. Soon Richmond was taken, and Lincoln was about to visit the city. Before he left his tent, he picked up one of the kittens, saying: "Little kitten, I must perform a last act of kindness for you before I go. I must open your eyes." So saying,

he passed his hand gently over its closed lids, until the eyes opened; then he set the kitten on the floor, saying: "Oh that I could open the eyes of my blinded fellow countrymen, as easily as I have those of that little creature!"

His Kindness to People.

The husband of a poor woman had paid for a substitute for the army. Later, while intoxicated, he enlisted. When he was sober, thinking that because he had paid for a substitute the government had no right to his services, he deserted. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be shot. His poor wife was frantic. She took her little baby in her arms, and went to the white house, hoping to see the president. There were, however, so many people waiting to petition Lincoln that the poor woman was forced to sit in the waiting room for three days, then she could not get admission into the president's private office. Late in the afternoon of the third day Lincoln was going through a passage back of the waiting room, when he heard the baby cry. He immediately returned to his office, and rang a bell; old Daniel, an attendant, answered. "Daniel," he said, "is there a woman with a baby in the anteroom?" Daniel said there was, and that she was waiting on a matter of life and death. "Send her to me at once," said the president. The woman came in and told her story, and Lincoln pardoned her husband. As she was going down the stairs with happy, uplifted eyes, and lips moving in thankful prayer, Daniel pulled her shawl. "Madam," he said, "it was the baby that did it!"

One day the Honorable Thaddeus Stevens brought an elderly lady to see the president. She was in great distress. Her son, a soldier, had been court-martialed and sentenced. There were mitigating circumstances in his case. The president listened with attention as the case was put before him. Then he turned to Mr. Stevens. "Do you think this is a case which will warrant my interference?" he asked. "With my knowledge of the facts and the parties," Mr. Stevens replied, "I should have no hesitation in granting a pardon." "Then," said the president, "I will pardon him." And he did. As the grateful mother walked out, she said to Mr. Stevens: "I knew it was a copperhead lie!" "What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stevens. "Why, they told me he was an ugly looking man," she exclaimed. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life!"—By Frances Jenkins Olcott in the New York Post.

EVER READY TO DO KINDLY ACT

Concert Singer Tells How Abraham Lincoln Helped to Move Her Piano.



1514
WHEN court was in session in Decatur, Ill., Judge Davis presided. Court week was always looked for with great interest by the people of the county seat. It was customary for the entire bar of the district to fol-

low the court from county to county; but although most of the lawyers traveled to only three or four counties, Judge Davis, Mr. Lincoln, and Leonard Swett went the whole circuit; Davis because he had to, Lincoln because he loved it, and Swett because he loved their company.

It was in court week that my piano arrived in Decatur. The wagon backed up to the steps of the Macon house, where I was staying, but the question how to unload it puzzled the landlord. Just then the court adjourned and a crowd appeared. The men gathered curiously around the wagon that blocked the entrance.

"There is a piano in that box that this woman here wants some one to help unload," explained the landlord. "Who will lend a hand?"

A tall gentleman stepped forward, and throwing off a gray Scotch shawl, said, "Come on, Swett, you are the next biggest man."

That was my first meeting with Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln went into the basement where the landlord had a carpenter shop, and returned with two heavy timbers across his shoulders. With them he made a slide between the wagon and the front doorsteps. He got the piano unloaded, with the assistance of Mr. Linder and Mr. Swett, amid the jokes of the crowd.

Before they had screwed the legs into place, dinner was announced, and the men hurried to the back porch, where there were two tin wash basins, a long roller towel and a coarse comb for the guests.

After dinner Mr. Lincoln superintended the setting up of the piano, and even saw to it that it stood square in the center of the wall space. He received my thanks with a polite bow, and asked, "Do you intend to follow court and give concerts?" The immense relief expressed on his countenance when I assured him that he would not be called upon to move the piano again was very amusing.

"Then may we have one tune before we go?" he asked, and I played 'Roslin the Bow,' with variations.

Some one shouted: "Come on, boys, the judge will be waltzing!" After I had assured them that, if they desired it, I would give my "first and only concert on this circuit" when they returned to the hotel in the evening, the crowd dispersed.

That night I played and sang numerous songs, all of which met with applause. As a finale I sang "He Doeth All Things Well," after which Mr. Lincoln, in a very grave manner, thanked me for the evening's entertainment, and said: "Don't let us spoil that song by any other music tonight." Many times afterward I sang that song for Mr. Lincoln; he was always fond of it.—Mrs. J. M. John's "Personal Recollections."

Washington Woman Tells Story Of Cupid's Plea Made to Lincoln

BY JENNIE MOORE.

THE great hearts of the world leave behind them when they go many an unwritten and untold tale of generosity, kindness and compassion. The half-forgotten anecdotes which are dropped here and there, giving a glimpse of their true largesse, are seldom gathered and made into a whole tale, finished and complete upon the page. More often they are left in the twilight memories of those who speak them and so pass into the ether.

But when such a chance brings the name of "Lincoln" into the conversation, a pause is necessary, a question follows, and eventually the whole comes clear out of the past, another bit added to the volume marked "Lincoliana," in which so many of his countrymen have had the opportunity to write a sentence or a paragraph. Generals have written therein citations for the Martyr President's bravery; bishops have praised his spiritual vision; poets have eulogized his compassion for the race of men. But all that brilliant company have left a small unwritten space for a short but happy story of his tolerance and sympathy for young lovers and the quick pain which separation brings them.

During the days of the Civil War, romance walked the by-ways of Washington in lace and crinolines, in ragged Confederate uniforms, in worn and muddy blue, in red feathers set on white poke bonnets for the heartening of Southern captives in Union prisons.

Threading the figures which wore this motley of silks and homespuns ran the orderlies who carried on the network of what now appears a provincial Government, the carriages and pairs of lobbyists intent upon their selfish errands, and the wobbling wagon ambulances transferring sick and wounded soldiers from the depots to the temporary hospitals of such structure as the Government could afford.

While vacant houses were occupied by staffs and patients wherever possible, the number of wounded coming into the city during the year of campaigning around Washington was so great that board shacks with rows of rude cots in them were thrown up with great speed and little consideration for beauty or comfort.

Into such a building at the corner of Thirteenth and Monroe streets, called the Carver Hospital rather by virtue of its purpose than its equipment, a young soldier by the name of John McGee was carried one day early in the Spring of 1864.

That he was a gallant and enticing young gentleman before he joined the Pennsylvania regiment of which he was a member is proved by the fact that soon after his arrival he was visited by Miss Anna Carson, a beautiful and charming girl of 17. With a physical bravery which matched that of her soldier lover, she had escaped from the select school for young ladies in Carbondale, Pa., at which she was a student, and had traveled alone to Washington.

While the fascination of the blue uniform is acknowledged (and I have been told that it was as bewitching as the Marines' olive drab during the late war), such an escapade in the 60s certainly entailed a large proportion of the qualities which our writers of best sellers today consider necessary in their heroes. Only determination and purpose, inspired by deep affection, could have manipulated the hoops of '64 out from under a vigilant schoolmarm's eye, along miles of railroad and carriage travel, and eventually rested them beside a hospital cot.

* * * *

ONCE in Washington, arrived at the Carver Hospital, consoled and calmed by the sight of this most fascinating young man, Miss Carson was a little bewildered at her own bravery and undetermined as to what her next step would be, although she was of the full decision that never more would she leave the vicinity of the blue-eyed John McGee.

Her youthful independence a little shaken, she looked with tear-filled eyes at the strawberry beds across the road from the hospital, turning over in her mind whether she should ask the mistress of the homelike old farmhouse if she might come in for the night.

At this moment of indecision a lady

dressed in the stiff black mourning silks of the period passed her, and was moved by some strange sympathy which draws kindred beings to one another to ask if she could help her. Then quickly Miss Carson told her tale to the young widow, Mrs. David McFaul. It was the latter's suggestion that perhaps her cousin, Mrs. Mary Holmead, who owned and superintended the big farm across the road, could find a place for her trunks of schoolgirl finery and an extra plate for her at table.

A few other persons visiting relatives at the hospital had stopped at Mrs. Holmead's house, but they had been for the most part mothers or near relatives of the soldier inmates. Knowing Mrs. Holmead's strict views concerning what young girls should and should not do, Mrs. McFaul, only a little less of a girl than her companion, told her new friend of them. The immediate solution of the problem seemed to be to make of John McGee a brother instead of a lover. So the black magic of youth effected the chance for the sake of old Mrs. Holmead's moral precepts.

But since the imagination of youth is matched often by the keen perception of age, Mrs. Holmead early suspected that John McGee, whose wounds healed so quickly that soon he was calling in the evening twilight upon his "sister," showed something more than brotherly affection for Anna "McGee." And when on a summer day, late in August, a quartet composed of the "brother" and "sister" and her own young cousin and a uniformed soldier started off for a drive, she knew as well as they that it was a wedding drive.

After the good old pastor at St. Peter's had made Anna into a true "McGee," the little party returned home to find the farmhouse lighted from roof to cellar and filled with the neighbors from roundabout. On the long tables in the dining room was spread a supper for all to which the best man added his donation of a great cake and some bottles of wine he had bought on the way home.

The new Mrs. McGee, however, planned to celebrate her marriage by showing the new independence her wifely position gave her. Her John, even more fascinating to her than when she ran away from school to visit him, had failed to prove his

charm to the officers in charge of furloughs and such matters, and was due soon to return to the front. But Mrs. McGee considered that he was not strong enough to undertake the hardships of a campaign again, and since he now belonged to her she sought a means of protecting him. Both she and her friend, Mary McFaul, had heard of the kindness of Mr. Lincoln, and they determined to see him and present the case to him.

* * * *

ABOUT noon on a hot day in late August, the two young women, one a bride of a few days, the other a widow of a few months, dressed in their most becoming gowns, their laciest shawls and most irresistible bonnets, and began their journey to the White House. As the wheels of the carriage ground through the dust of the country roads which lead there, the two of them rehearsed the points which they should present to Mr. Lincoln. By the time they had actually arrived at the portico entrance, Mrs. Anna McGee was nervously eager to be in the presence of the man whom she already considered her benefactor, for her mind had run forward in anticipation, and her John was almost free.

And now let Mrs. Mary L. Kimmel, formerly Mrs. Mary McFaul, tell the story of how Abraham Lincoln impressed her on that summer afternoon in 1864. Backward from 1925 to 1864 is a long stretch for even an active memory to take, but, as vivid experiences stand out brightly in the mind, this visit to the war-time President of her youth is stamped clearly upon Mrs. Kimmel's memory.

"We waited just a few moments when we entered the hallway, for we were told that Mr. Lincoln was busy. As I remember there were not a great many people waiting there to see him. Possibly the heat of the day had kept them away. I did not speculate upon that at the time, nor did my friend. Now that we had made the long drive and actually gotten near our goal, Mrs. McGee's nervousness had increased, and she was a little overawed by her own audacity. The attendant soon told us that the President was disengaged and would see us now.

"He showed us into the office where Mr. Lincoln was seated behind his desk. Rising as we came in at the door, the President came forward to

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shake hands with us. I had, of course, seen him before, for I had lived in Washington during most of the time he had been in the White House. But my friend had never, and I think his height overawed her—that and the fact that he was President. He was so very plain, though you could approach him without any difficulty whatever. His face was dark and serious as he invited us to be seated, returned to his desk, then asked what he could do for us.

"Mrs. McGee was very nervous when she began her story of running away from school to see her John. But when she saw the little twinkle which came into the President's eye she quickened her story, telling finally of the marriage and of the furlough from active campaigning which she desired for her husband.

"I saw the twinkle in the President's eyes deepening, and when she got to the story of how she and John were afraid of being separated if it was found out that they were not brother and sister and had therefore determined to marry, Mr. Lincoln laughed out loud.

"He started to tease her, asking her if she thought it a nice thing to run away from people who were caring for her, and pretending to scold her for doing it. His attitude was so like that of any fatherly man that she was entirely at her ease and answered him quite pertly. And he, still smiling, said he supposed it was no more than could be expected of young people.

"Asking her husband's full name and the number of his regiment, he wrote them down upon a piece of paper on his desk and said he would see what could be done about the desired furlough.

"He asked if we would call again upon a certain day about a week later, and this, of course, we gladly agreed to do. He was a man of few words, not at all lavish in his talk, but he smiled as he bade us 'good-day' and rose and walked with us to the door of the office. The heavy, serious look seemed to have lifted from his face, and he had proved to us that he could laugh and make a joke as well as the next.

"Anna and I were shaky with excitement when we came out into the late afternoon sunlight. It seemed a little cooler, and I think we both felt that we would get what we wanted now that we had told Mr. Lincoln about it.

"When we returned to keep our appointment a week later, the President remembered us and was very courteous to us. He had the furlough ready, just as we had expected, and handed it to Anna in the kind way he had. She blushed and tried to tell him how happy he had made her. And it seems to me I can almost hear him say: 'I am very glad that it was in my power to make you happy.' I have often heard men use that phrase, but I never heard a man say it who seemed to mean it as much as Mr. Lincoln did that day."

* * *

THAT furlough which the President handed to Mrs. McGee enabled her husband to have a long rest, and when he was re-examined the doctors determined that he was unfitted for further service. Her intuition for her loved one had told her truly that he was not strong enough for more campaigning.

So another story of the kindness of a great heart is written. A strange and gaunt Cupid this—with a twinkle in his eye and a philosophic turn of mind with the thought that Romance is "only what may be expected of young people." A beneficent and gallant Cupid, too, bending his six feet and more of height over a little lady's hand and saying, "I am very glad that it was in my power to make you happy."

"Kind Ole Abe."

(Awarded Special Book Prize.)

Kindness is the foundation of greatness. It is the one basis upon which to work for high attainments. To achieve a great and everlasting place in the hearts of one's fellowmen it is necessary to possess that trait of character known as "kindness." Abraham Lincoln was a kind man; and thus it is that we are able to place him on a pedestal with George Washington, Woodrow Wilson and our many other national heroes.

When the father of Abraham decided to go West where the soil was fertile, he put his family in a covered wagon and started out. It was a slow and tiresome journey. Abraham took his little pet dog and they walked by the side of the team. One day the dog ran after some wild animal which his keen nose had scented. While the dog chased it the wagon crossed a stream and when he came back he was afraid to cross it. He whined and whimpered, but would not venture to cross. Lincoln coaxed and pleaded, but to no end. The parents at last said that they would have to leave him as they could not turn back. Lincoln could not harbor the thought of his little pet freezing or starving to death so he quickly pulled off his shoes and stockings. And, though it was winter weather, he waded into the icy water for his friend. He returned and put his shoes back on and ran with his pet under his arm to overtake the wagon which had gone on. This is only one incident of many which shows Lincoln's kind and tender heart.

The period of the Civil War was a trying one and it took a broad-minded, just and kind man to serve as President at that time. Abraham was such a man. He was not radical in his views and he was not a fanatic on the slave question. Although he was for the Union, he recognized the South's position. He did not wish to punish the South or to treat her unfairly. He did not look upon her as an enemy but as a friend who had some mistaken ideas, and as a friend he wished to correct her "not that he loved the South less but that he loved the Union more." He realized that the Union had to be preserved and he wished to settle the slavery question and then to unite the sections into one big, God-fearing nation.

Just after Gen. Grant received news of Gen. Lee's surrender, Lincoln came to see him. After such discourse about the turn of events as was fit Lincoln asked if there had been any shootings, Grant, answered that there was to be one. Upon Lincoln's irritated inquiry as to why, Grant replied that William Scott, the offender, had been court-martialed for being found asleep at guard. Abraham asked if he might see the man and the boy, for he was only twenty, was brought in under guard. Lincoln talked to him and found out that he had been on a 23-mile march and had volunteered for double guard in the place of his sick friend. Lincoln pardoned him for his serious offense and told him that he trusted him and sent him back to his regiment. The boy, with tears in his eyes, thanked the kind man. He went back to his lines and was killed in one of the last battles fought.

Lincoln was a great man. He worked with diligence and overcame many hardships. His character was of the fine genteel class and above reproach. He was merciful—and kind. It is very meet that we honor and praise so trustworthy a man as was this gentleman.

NANCY HANCOCK (aged 15).

Chatham, Va.

Drash Post

Feb 12
1825

Abraham Lincoln.

(Awarded Special Book Prize.)

In the month of February many famous men have been born. Among these are Rafael, Charles Lamb, Thomas Edison, David Garrick and, last but not least, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Thus we see that February's great men were authors, painters, inventors, statesmen and Presidents.

There has been discussion as to who was the greatest Washington or Lincoln, but I do not believe that we need concern ourselves with this question. To both belongs greatness: Washington founded the Nation and Lincoln kept it a whole, united one.

Lincoln was born in Kentucky on February 12, 1809, the son of a poor, wandering pioneer farmer. During his boyhood, early manhood, and, indeed, through his later manhood, he was handicapped by many obstacles, but he overcame them all. He rose from farmhand to storekeeper, from storekeeper to lawyer, from lawyer to legislator, from legislator to sixteenth President of the United States.

When a very young man he went down the Mississippi River on a barge and while South went to a slave mart. What he saw there made a deep impression on his mind and from then on it was his ambition to free the negro. His campaign speeches were full of this idea and found small favor in the South. In fact, it won him the strong opposition of her people long before matters came to a crisis.

Finally, in 1860, the crisis was reached. The North, in the opinion of the South, was trying to take away from the South her main source of labor and the great plantation owners sought some middle way. It appeared that no solution could be reached without ruin to the vast plantations of the South and in indignation and desperation, the Southerners decided they would set up a government of their own, have their own laws, and, if need be, fight. South Carolina set an example for the other Southern States by seceding from the Union. Other Southern States soon followed her and then came war.

Lincoln's heart was torn as much as the Nation's. He, too, felt the war between brothers but still more did he feel that the Union could be preserved only through abolition of slavery and abolition could come, it seemed to the North, only through war. He believed he was right—"Let us have faith that right makes right," he said, "and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it." Through the Civil War he did his duty as he understood it, just as the South was fighting for her rights and what she believed was right.

During his lifetime, being the leader of the North, he was naturally opposed by the majority of the South but when the bitterness of war had passed away, they realized his greatness and the honesty and sincerity of his intentions. On April 14, 1865, a half-crazed actor, John Wilkes Booth, shot Lincoln as he watched a play in the old Ford Theater. I will not try to tell of his death and the effect it had on the Nation for I am sure you have read of it in Whitman's wonderful poem, "O Captain, My Captain."

There is a little piece of poetry which I once learned and which I think describes Abraham Lincoln as he really was:

"A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;

A quaint 'knight errant' of the pioneers;
A homely hero born of star and sod;

A peasant prince; a masterpiece of God."

BETTY MARFETT (age 15).

Eastman School.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S TENDER- NESS OF HEART

Here is a new story of Abraham Lincoln's tenderness, not relating to animals but to a child. I heard it at first hand from a Comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic who told it at a public gathering in celebration of the birthday of Lincoln. Captain Alfred H. Knowles, now living in Arlington, Mass., was among the Union soldiers who entered Richmond on April 3, 1865, the day after its fall, when President Lincoln made his memorable visit to the stricken city. Captain Knowles was on the street with the excited throngs of both white and colored people seeking to get a glimpse of the war president. Presently he saw Mr. Lincoln riding in a sort of cart which was being driven by a Negro. He also saw a colored mother with an infant pressed to her breast, trying to attract Mr. Lincoln's attention. The driver did not see the woman, but Mr. Lincoln's eager eye discovered her and he ordered the driver to stop the cart. As he did so the colored woman came forward as if to touch the hem of the garment of the great deliverer, and to seek his blessing for her child. Mr. Lincoln reached out his long arms, picked up that black baby, fondled it, and handed it back to the surprised but rejoicing mother. In telling that incident, I am always reminded of One greater even than Lincoln, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

—Guy Richardson—Our Dumb Animals.

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HOLDS LINCOLN CHARITY UP AS MODEL TO MEN

Dr. A. W. Palmer Urges Prac- tice of Sentiments in Present Problems

Abraham Lincoln's sentiments of "charity for all, malice toward none" would enable men to solve present day problems in the same spirit, Dr. Albert W. Palmer, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, declared yesterday in an address at one of Chicago's many observances of the 125th anniversary of the great President's birth.

Dr. Palmer was one of the speakers at the Chicago Woman's Club goodwill program in which various groups of differing races and creeds participated. He suggested that one way in which Lincoln's attitude could be applied would be to cease using racial nicknames and epithets. Lewis Eernays, British consul-general; Dr. Louis L. Mann, of Santa Temple; Father William J. Plunkett and Giuseppe Castruccio, Italian consul-general, were other speakers.

Civil War veterans held their annual memorial service in the Chicago public library building, with George Mason presiding.

Judge Andrew A. Bruce of the Northwestern University law school in addressing students and faculty declared that "of all our American Presidents, the memory of Abraham Lincoln has been the most lasting, and it is in the love and respect for the memories of such as he that much of the hope of America lies."

Many Chicagoans were pilgrims to Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, where Charles Kirk, an aged ex-slave, laid a wreath beside those of President Roosevelt and Governor Horner.

PLUCK A THISTLE, PLANT A FLOWER

Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator and Civil War President, had many wonderful qualities which we all admire, but one of the most lovable of his characteristics was his unfailing kindness. The story is told of a friend of Lincoln's who remonstrated with him for doing so much for people. The friend thought that he was too kind and considerate of others, because his many kindnesses took up so much of his time and cost a great deal of effort. Lincoln replied: "I want it to be said of me when I am gone, I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever a flower would grow." When we celebrate Lincoln's birthday February 12th, let us take that for our motto. Perhaps we, too, shall grow up to be as kind as Abraham Lincoln was.

LINCOLN SHOWED HUMAN KINDNESS

Personally Pleaded Case for Colonel From New Hampshire to Get Emergency Leave

Today, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, The Post prints the following article from the Youth's Companion of Sept. 16, 1869. It was sent to The Post by Mrs. Carrie M. Boyden of Sandwich and The Post believes its readers will be interested in this story of the great Civil war President.

During the summer of the most disastrous and doubtful year of the late Civil war the colonel of a New Hampshire regiment lay for some weeks extremely ill of camp fever near Hampton Roads in Virginia. Hearing of his critical condition, his wife left her Northern home and, after much difficulty, made her way to his bedside. Her cheerful presence and careful nursing so far restored him that he was in a short time able to be transferred to Washington.

LOSES WIFE

In the Potomac River, the steamer in which the invalid officer, Colonel Scott, and his wife had taken passage, was sunk in a collision at night with a larger vessel. The crew and nearly all the soldiers on board were rescued, or saved themselves; but amid the horrible confusion of the scene, Colonel Scott became separated from his wife, and she was lost.

The colonel was picked up in the water by the crew of the larger steamer, and under his direction every effort was made to discover his wife, or rather her body, for all hope of finding her alive was soon abandoned.

The search was fruitless; it was resumed in the morning, the people along the shore, humane confederates, lending their aid.

But the gray, sullen river refused to give up its dead, and the young officer, half frantic with grief, was compelled to go on to Washington.

Within a week, however, he received word from below that the body of the lady had been washed ashore—that those good country people, generous foes, had secured it, cared for it, and were keeping it for him.

No Private Missions

It happened that just at that time imperative orders were issued from the War Department, prohibiting all intercourse with the peninsula—a necessary precaution against the premature disclosure of important military plans. So it was with some misgivings that Colonel Scott applied to

Mr. Secretary Stanton for leave to return to Virginia on his melancholy duty.

"Impossible, colonel," replied Mr. Stanton, firmly; "no one can leave to go down the river, at this time, on any private mission whatever. Our present exigencies demand the most stringent regulations; and I hope I need not say to you that no merely personal considerations should be allowed to interfere with great national interests. Your case is a sad one; but this is a critical, perilous, cruel time. 'The dead must bury the dead.'"

The colonel would have entreated, but the busy Secretary cut him short with another "impossible," from which there was absolutely no appeal. He went forth from the presence, and returned to his hotel, quite overwhelmed.

Fortunately, he was that afternoon visited by a friend, to whom he told the story of his unsuccessful application and sad perplexity, and who immediately exclaimed:

"Why not apply to the President?"

Despondent Mood

The colonel had but little hope, but acknowledging that the plan was worth trying, drove with his friend to the White House.

They were too late. It was Saturday evening, and Mr. Lincoln had gone to spend Sunday at Soldiers' Rest, his summer retreat. This was but a few miles from town, and the colonel's indomitable friend proposed that they should follow him out, and they went.

There was then a popular belief that all the wronged, the troubled and suffering could find a refuge in "Father Abraham's" capacious bosom; a belief that was not far out of the way. Yet there were times when, overburdened, wearied, tortured, the patriarch longed to clear the asylum of its forlorn inmates, to bolt and bar and double-lock it against the world; times when life became too hard and perplexing for his genial, honest nature, too serious, and tragic, and rascally a thing by half.

It happened unluckily, that the poor colonel and his friend found the President in one of his most despondent and disgusted moods. He was in his little private parlor, alone in the gloaming.

He was lounging loosely in a large rocking chair, jutting over it in all directions. His slippered feet were exalted, his rough head was thrown back, his long throat bare—he was in his shirt-sleeves! It was genuine Yankee abandon—make the most of it!

Unreasonable Demands

He turned upon his visitors a look of almost savage inquiry. There was indeed in his usually pleasant eyes a wild, angry gleam; a something like the glare of a worried animal at

bay.

Colonel Scott proceeded very modestly to tell his story; but the President interrupted him to say brusquely, "Go to Stanton; this is his business."

The good man came forward, pale and eager, tears glistening in his eyes, and grasped the colonel's hand, saying—

"I treated you brutally last night. I ask your pardon. I was utterly tired out, badgered to death. I generally become about as savage as a wild cat by Saturday night, drained dry of the 'milk of human kindness.' I must have seemed to you the very gorilla the rebels paint me. I was sorry enough for it when you were gone. I could not sleep a moment last night, so I thought I'd drive into town in the cool of the morning, and make

it all right. Fortunately, I had little difficulty in finding you."

President Pleads Case

"This is very good of you, Mr. Pres'den," said the colonel, deeply moved.

"No, it isn't, but that was very bad of me last night. I never should have forgiven myself if I had let that piece of ugly work stand. That was a noble wife of yours, colonel! You were a happy man to have such a noble woman to love you, and you must be a good fellow, or such a woman would never have risked so much for you. And what grand women there are in these times, colonel! What angels of devotion and mercy, and how brave and plucky—going everywhere at the call of duty, facing every danger! I tell you, if it were not for the women, we should all go to the —, and should deserve to. They are the salvation of the nation. Now, come, colonel, my carriage is at the door. I'll drive you to the War Department, and we'll see Stanton about this matter."

Even at that early hour they found the Secretary at his post. The President pleaded the case of Colonel Scott, and not only requested that leave of absence should be given him, but that a steamer should be sent down the river expressly to bring up the body of his wife.

"I have been to him, Mr. President, and he will do nothing for me."

"You have been to him, and got your answer, and still presume to come to me! Am I to have no rest, no privacy? Must I be dogged to my last fastnesses, and worried to death by inches? Mr. Stanton has done just right. He knows what he is about. Your demands are unreasonable, sir."

"But, Mr. Lincoln, I thought you would feel for me."

"Feel for you! I have to feel for 500,000 more unfortunate than you. We are at war, sir, don't you know we are at war? Sorrow is the lot of all; bear your share like a man and a soldier."

"I try to, Mr. President, but it seems hard. My devoted wife lost her life for coming to nurse me in my sickness, and I cannot even take her body home to my children."

Lincoln Regrets

"Well, she ought not to have come down to the army. She should have stayed at home. That is the place for women. But if they will go tearing about the country, in such times as these, and running into all sorts of danger, they must take the consequences! Not but that I am sorry for you, colonel. As for your wife, she's at rest, and I wish I were."

Saying this, the President leaned back wearily in his chair and closed his eyes, not noticing, except by a slight wave of his hand, the departure of his visitors.

I am not ashamed to confess that my hero tossed restlessly that night

upon a pillow wet with manly tears; that he was desperate and resentful, utterly unresigned to the decree of Providence and the War Department; and that he thought Abraham Lincoln as hard as he was ugly, and as inhumane as he was ungainly.

Toward morning he fell asleep and slept late. Before he was fully dressed, there came a quick knock at the door of his chamber, and he opened to President Lincoln.

"Humanity, Mr. Stanton," said the good President, his homely face transfigured with the glow of earnest, tender feeling, "humanity should overrule considerations of policy, and even military necessity, in matters like this."

Impossible Accomplished

The Secretary was touched, and he said something of his great regret at not having felt himself at liberty to grant Colonel Scott's request in the first place.

"No, no, Mr. Stanton," said the President, "you did right in adhering to your own rules; you are the right man for this place. If we had such a soft-hearted old fool as I here, there would be no rules or regulations that the army or the country could depend upon. But this is a peculiar case. Only think of that poor woman!"

Of course the "impossible" was accomplished.

To the surprise of the colonel, the President insisted on driving him to the navy yard, to see that the Secretary's order was carried out immediately, seeming to have a nervous fear that some obstacle might be thrown in the way of the pious expedition. He waited at the landing till all was ready, then charged the officers of the steamer to give every attention and assistance to "his friend, Colonel Scott." With him he shook hands warmly at parting, saying:

"God bless you, my dear fellow! I hope you will have no more trouble in this sad affair—and, colonel, try to forget last night."

Away up in a New Hampshire churchyard there is a certain grave carefully watched and tended by faithful love. But every April time the violets on that mound speak not alone of the womanly sweetness and devotion of her who sleeps below—they are tender and tearful with the memory of the murdered President.

Letter Recalls Lincoln Tact, Kindness to 2 West Pointers

BY PERCY WOOD

Abraham Lincoln's kindness to a cadet he appointed to West Point is recalled today, the 159th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, by the United States Military academy's chief of

"WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY"

See the editorial on page 26

archives and history, Joseph M. O'Donnell.

In response to a request, O'Donnell wrote THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE concerning the details of Lincoln's visit to West Point on June 24, 1862, a surprise call during the second year of the Civil war, and the special attention the President gave to Cadet Charles King Jr., of Milwaukee, later to be adjutant general of Wisconsin [1895-1897].

Appoints Another Youth

Gen. King had quite a military record, as shown in the files of the adjutant general's office in Madison. He won five campaign badges during the Civil war, the Indian campaigns, the Spanish-American war, the Philippine insur-



Cadet Charles King, United States Military academy, class of 1866.

rection, and World War I. He died in 1933, at the age of 89.

King, O'Donnell wrote, was one of 10 candidates nominated to West Point "at large" by Lincoln. He had been a nominee some months earlier but the President, urged by one of the Wisconsin senators, instead named William H. Upham, of Racine, an ex-soldier who had survived severe wounds at the battle of Bull Run, in King's place.

It was Upham's last chance to become a cadet since he was 21 and would become ineligible if he had to wait another year. King was only 17 and could

afford to wait. He took the disappointment in good heart and wrote Secretary of State William H. Seward that he willingly relinquished his appointment to Seward and would wait.

Seward showed the letter to Lincoln who said firmly, "That boy goes to West Point the first chance I get." The chance came soon when it was discovered that one of the President's nominees was underage. King was nominated, and he and Upham entered the same class, which was due to graduate in 1866.

Visits Academy

When Lincoln later visited the military academy, he was received as commander-in-chief with the customary salute and honors. Afterwards he and the academy's superintendent, Col. A. H. Bowman reviewed the cadets.

Sometime between noon and 3 p. m. of that June 24, 1862, according to O'Donnell's records, the President asked to visit with "my 10 boys" whom he had nominated to the academy, and they were assembled in the 7th division, cadet barracks, with King and

[Continued on page 2, col. 4]

Chicago Tribune
Feb. 12, 1995



Kerry Waghorn

Lincoln's civility

LOUISVILLE—Abraham Lincoln, a master at putting words together in a classy, civil way, would be appalled today at his Republican Party descendants' use of fag, traitor and bitch to describe Congressman Barney Frank, President Bill Clinton and Hillary Rodham Clinton. Our country has evolved into becoming a "trash talk" society that gets worse each passing day. President Lincoln literally gave his life to preserve the Union and reached out to the defeated confederacy after the Civil War with words of grace, pardon and healing.

Conservative talk-radio host Rush Limbaugh epitomizes the trash talk that pollutes the airwaves. Limbaugh's right-of-freedom of speech rightfully enables him to express his views and to criticize. On his radio show, I've heard him call Dick Gephardt a "stupid little idiot"; Jimmy Carter, "a nut"; and Barbra Streisand, "a political idiot." That kind of name-calling is juvenile trash talk and would never come out of the mouth of one who is truly "on loan from God." What a role model Limbaugh is for America's youth when he engages in unnecessary name-calling.

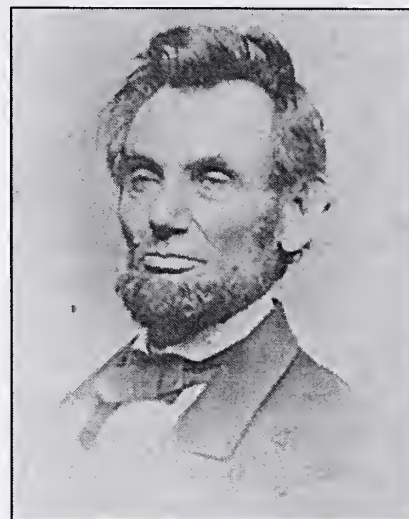
Dick Arney, Robert Dornan, Newt Gingrich and Rush Limbaugh are Republican allies who are sowing seeds of destructive divisiveness that threaten our nation's well-being. There is no communist enemy to kick around now. It is sad they are out to destroy the new enemy, their fellow citizens of different views. The GOP claims to be the party of values and virtues; name-calling is no virtue.

Democrats and Republicans can best honor Abraham Lincoln and America by agreeing to disagree with class and civility. Neither party has a corner on truth and righteousness. Members of both parties should respect the personhood of those they disagree with and stop the name-calling and hate rhetoric.

CT Paul Whiteley Sr.
2-12-95

Sympathy for Pets and People

Mr. Lincoln was "always on the side of the weak," said New Salem friend Henry McHenry. Mr. Lincoln was "Always on side of justice, with the weak ever," said New Salem friend William Greene.¹ "Speed, die when I may I want it said of me by those who know me best to say that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow," President Lincoln told long-time friend Joshua Speed in February 1865.² The President had just granted the request of two Pennsylvania women to free men who had been arrested for resisting the draft. Such acts of thistle-plucking were a signature of Mr. Lincoln's behavior. Mr. Lincoln "was remarkably tender of the feelings of others and never wantonly offended even the most despicable although he was a man of great nerve when aroused," said another long-time friend, Joseph Gillespie.³



Angry as he was with General George Meade for not following up the Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863 with a decisive blow at the retreating Confederate army, Mr. Lincoln declined to unload his feelings on Meade. He wrote a scathing letter to Meade but never sent it, telling former Secretary of War Simon Cameron : "Why should we censure a man who has done so much for his country because he did not do a little more?"⁴

Mr. Lincoln "had very great kindness of heart," recalled another lawyer-friend, Leonard Swett. "His mind was full of tender sensibilities; he was extremely humane, yet while these attributes were fully developed in his character and unless intercepted by his judgement controlled him, they never did control him contrary to his judgment. He would strain a point to be kind, but he never strained to breaking....He would be just as kind and generous as his judgment let him be - no more."⁵

Cousin John Hanks recalled: "Abe Lincoln did Carry a drunken man home one night to keep him from freezing."⁶ Dennis Hanks disclaimed knowledge of the incident but admitted: "He was good Enough & tender Enough & Kind Enough to have save Any man from Evil - wrong - difficulties or damnation."⁷ Another resident of Indiana at the time, David Thurnham, testified to the truth of the story. He said that he and Mr. Lincoln "were returning home from Gentryville [and] we were passing along the road in the night. We saw something laying near or in a mud hole and Saw that it was a man; we rolled him over and over - wake up the man - he was dead drunk - night was cold - nearly frozen - we took him up - rather Abe did - Carried him to Dennis Hanks - built up a fire and got him warm - I left - Abe staid all night."⁸

The story is told in the Linder family about Mr. Lincoln's kindness to his fellow attorney, Usher Linder. "Usher Linder was drunk. They dismounted from their horses and when they reached the house, Lincoln said [to Linder's cousin Elisha]: 'Lish, we are going over the Shelbyville to plead some cases and Ursh has been drinking heavy and is so drunk we can't go any further. Help me sober him up.' Grandmother asked Lincoln if they had any dinner. He replied, 'No, Becky, we haven't eaten anything since breakfast.' Grandmother killed a chicken and fried it for dinner while Grandfather gave Usher strong coffee to sober him up. He thought he had succeeded, so they sat down to dinner. Usher reached for the plate of chicken, poured it all out on his own plate, and handed Lincoln the empty plate, saying, 'Abe, have some chicken.' Abe and my grandfather had to pour Ursh more strong coffee. After the meal they proceeded on their way to Shelbyville."⁹

Mr. Lincoln's compassion manifested itself whether he was on the road or at home. "Mr. Lincoln always took a thoroughly kind and human interest in all his neighbors," wrote Philip Wheelock Ayres, whose family lived

across the street from the Lincolns in Springfield. "My grandfather was for several years an invalid. On returning from a trip Mr. Lincoln did not fail to 'drop in for a chat with Mr. Wheelock.' Siting on the edge of the high porch, with his feet resting on the ground, he would talk over the political news of the day." He said Dr. William Jayne related how a "Mrs. Dallman told him how kind to her were both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln when she was very ill. Mr. Lincoln rocked the cradle of her child, and Mrs. Lincoln tenderly nursed the child at her own breast."¹⁰

Republican politician James O. Cunningham wrote about Mr. Lincoln's appearance at the Urbana fair grounds during the 1858 Senate campaign: "At the entrance to the grounds he was met by a committee of ladies and escorted to a seat at the head of the table supporting an abundance of barbecued food, at which particular seat had been placed the rest of the spread for the use of the honored guest. He took the seat prepared for him, while the long tables were assailed by his followers, and began eating his dinner. Looking around, he saw an old woman standing not far away looking intently at him. He at once recognized her as a waiter and dishwasher at the hotel in Urbana, whom everybody knew as Granny. Ayres said to her, 'Why, Granny, have you no place? You must have some dinner. Here, take my place.' The old lady answered, 'No, Mr. Lincoln, I just wanted to see you. I don't want any dinner.' In spite of her protestations, Lincoln arose from his seat at the head of the table and compelled her to take his place and have her dinner, while he took his turkey leg and biscuit and, seating himself at the foot of a nearby tree, ate his dinner, apparently with the greatest satisfaction: meanwhile Granny Hutchinson filled the place at the head of the table and ate her dinner as he had insisted she should do."¹¹

As a teenager, John M. Bullock visited the White House in the winter of 1865 in search of a parole for his dying Confederate brother. While he was there, he observed a scene that demonstrated to him "Mr. Lincoln's feeling of kindness toward others. Just as he was in the act of writing my brother's order of release on that little card, his son Robert came in, full of enthusiasm over the good qualities of his recent purchase [of a horse]. He was leaning over the back of his father's chair, and talking rapidly about his horse, when, suddenly remembering something he had forgotten to communicate, he said: 'Father, Governor [Thomas H.] Hicks is dying.' Senator Hicks was an ex-governor of Maryland, and had been very ill for some days. Mr. Lincoln paused in his writing for a moment, and said in very sympathetic tones, without looking up: 'Poor Hicks! Poor Hicks! Robert, order the carriage; I must go and see Governor Hicks.'"¹²

Bullock later recalled: "Much has been said and written in regard to Mr. Lincoln's character for kindness, his disposition to be merciful, his gentleness toward those in trouble, his leniency to those in distress, his clemency, and desire, when possible, to pardon those who were condemned to death." But from personal experience, Bullock said: "Before approaching the President I felt a natural diffidence, not to say awe, of the man who was Chief Executive of the nation, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, as well as the man who held the life of my brother in his keeping. To a boy of fifteen this feeling was only natural. The closer I approached the great man, however, the less I feared him, the higher my courage rose; and before the interview was over I was as much at my ease with President Lincoln as if talking to my own father. The reasons for this are to be found in just the qualities of heart with which he is accredited, and rightly so, by all the world. No sooner had he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, 'My son,' than I felt drawn to him, and dreaded less and less the interview he had granted me; and each successive question he asked me put me more at my ease, until, when I was alone with him in his private office, all my embarrassment vanished, and I saw before me the countenance of a man I could trust, one which invited confidence."¹³

Frances Jacob Nickels was even younger than Bullock when she determined in May 1863 to assault the White House on behalf of her father, a Union veteran who lost his leg at Fredericksburg and been given an Army clerkship in Washington. His commander, however, had determined to get rid of the father because he liked the clerk's predecessor. She told her father he should go see President Lincoln but he dismissed the idea. So the next morning she put on her Sunday best and walked to the White House and rang the bell about 7 a.m.. She told the doorkeeper: "If you please, sir, I should like to see the President." He kindly explained that not only was she early but the President wasn't taking visitors. She went to the reception room and awaited with

scores of other military and civilian dignitaries who had business with the President. Ahead of the others, she was ushered into the President's office. "Come this way, Sis; come this way," said the President, who instructed her to sit down and tell her story. "My child, every day I am obliged to listen to many stories such as yours. How am I to know what you have told me is true?" She replied: "I'm sure I don't know Mr. President, unless you are willing to take my word for it." The President did, promised to investigate and instructed her to tell her father that he "can rest assured that he will either be retained in his present position or have a better one." She returned home to tell her nonplussed father that the President had "told me to tell you not to worry one bit more...." Mr. Lincoln kept his word.¹⁴

On December 23, 1862, Mr. Lincoln wrote a letter to Fanny McCullough which he signed "Your sincere friend." The missive typified Mr. Lincoln's legendary compassion which earned him the title "Father Abraham" among thousands of Union soldiers. It was written at the behest of David Davis, who was a good friend of the McCullough family:

It is with deep grief that I learn of the death of your kind and brave Father; and, especially, that it is affecting your young heart beyond what is common in such cases. In this sad world of ours, sorrow comes to all; and to the young, it comes with bitterest agony, because it takes them unawares. The older have learned to ever expect it. I am anxious to afford some alleviation of your present distress. Perfect relief is not possible, except with time. You can not now realize that you will ever feel better. Is not this so? And yet it is a mistake. You are sure to be happy again. To know this, which is certainly true, will make you some less miserable now. I have had experience enough to know what I say; and you need only to believe it, to feel better at once. The memory of your dear Father, instead of an agony, will yet be a sad sweet feeling in your heart, of a purer, and holier sort than you have known before.

Please present my kind regards to your afflicted mother.¹⁵

Judge Davis and Mr. Lincoln shared a profound compassion for the problems of others. David Davis biographer Willard King wrote: "During his first winter in Washington Davis had occasion to press Lincoln on a personal matter. In December he received news of the death in battle of Colonel William McCullough, who had been his court clerk in Bloomington. One of McCullough's daughters was the wife of [Davis friend] William Orme; another, the lovely Fanny, had been, as a child, very dear to Davis and Lincoln. At her father's death, Fanny succumbed to melancholia and her mind was despaired of. The news gave Davis inexpressible pain. 'I love her as I would a child & believe that if I was at home, that I could do a great deal to lift her out of her great grief,' he wrote. 'I will see Mr. Lincoln again, & prompt him to write her. He promised the other day that he would.' The President's letter to Fanny McCullough is one of the finest in the Lincoln literature."¹⁶

Kentuckian Mary Owens, to whom Mr. Lincoln once proposed marriage, wrote: "In many things he was sensitive almost to a fault. He told me of an incident; that he was crossing a prairie one day, and saw before him a hog mired down, to use his own language; he was rather fixed up, and resolved that he would pass on without looking towards the shoat, after he had gone by, he said, the feeling was irresistible [sic] and he had to look back, and the poor thing seemed to say so wistfully - There now! My last hope is gone; that he deliberately got down and relieved it from its difficulty"¹⁷ Lawyer Charles Zane said Mr. Lincoln had related the same incident, quoting Mr. Lincoln that "thinking of the loss to the owner and the cruelty to the animal, I did not feel satisfied and thought it would be wrong to leave the hog there to perish, and turned back and got out and pulled the animal from the mire to solid ground, then found some water nearby and washed my hands and drove one. My action seemed disinterested, but on further reflection I found that the act was done to regain my peace of mind, my own happiness, and was not entirely disinterested on my part."¹⁸

Mr. Lincoln's sympathy for those injured by the Civil War was legendary. But it was hardly a presidential

development. Historian William Lee Miller observed that "Lincoln, man and boy, had unusually intense sympathy with the suffering of his fellow creatures: for lost casts mired-down hogs, birds fallen out of the nest, turtles with hot coals. This sympathy extended also, as is not always the case with animal lovers, to his fellow human beings: to the old Indian who wandered into the camp; the woman whose drunken husband beat her; the farm boy who is going to be shot for falling asleep on sentry duty; the coffle of slaves on the boat in the Ohio, chained together like fish on a line. This natural human fellow-feeling he found in himself must have been part of the reason he discovered in human beings generally a naturally sympathy for the slave - that is, for the human beings who are enslaved - that, he affirmed, would still be there even if the Declaration of Independence had not been written."¹⁹

Perhaps it was the experiences of Mr. Lincoln's days as a new resident of New Salem that caused Mr. Lincoln to have a special place in his heart for the otherwise friendless and powerless supplicant. Journalist Noah Brooks recalled: "Going out of the main-door of the White House one morning, he met an old lady who was pulling vigorously at the door-bell, and asked her what she wanted. She said that she wanted to see 'Abraham the Second.'" The President, amused, asked who Abraham the First might be, if there was a second? The old lady replied, 'Why Lor' bless you! We read about the first Abraham in the Bible, and Abraham the Second is our President. She was told that the President was not in his office then and when she asked where he was, she was told, 'Here he is!' Nearly petrified with surprise, the old lady managed to tell her errand, and was told to come next morning at nine o'clock, when she was received and kindly cared for by the President."²⁰

Presidential assistant John G. Nicolay recalled out a stranger inquired of President-elect Lincoln the directions to the State Capitol. Nicolay reported: "Mr. Lincoln was coming to his room this morning [and] was accosted by a stranger inquiring the way to the same place Mr. Lincoln offered, of course to show him the way, and airing there very much electrified the stranger by turning round and saying to him 'I am Lincoln.' He had no idea he was being ciceroned by the famous Rail Splitter."²¹

Journalist Noah Brooks recalled how the President prolonged a visit to the Virginia front in April 1863 - visiting military hospitals: "The President, with his usual kindness of heart, insisted upon going through all of the hospital tents of General Meade's corps, and shaking hands with every one, asking a question or two of many of them, and leaving a kind word here and there. It was a touching scene, and one to be long remembered, as the large-hearted and noble President moved softly between the beds, his face shining with sympathy and his voice often low with emotion. No wonder that these long lines of weary sufferers, far from home and friends, often shed a tear of sad pleasure as they returned the kind salutation of the President and gazed after him with anew glow upon their faces. And no wonder that when he left the camp, after his long tour through it all, that a thundering cheer burst from the long lines of men as he rode away to the chief headquarters...."²²

After a draining day in Mr. Lincoln's office where a parade of woes and complaints were presented to the President ending with a particular poignant plea from the mother of an imprisoned man, Mr. Lincoln's friend Joshua Speed said, "Lincoln with my knowledge of your nervous sensibility it is a wonder that such scenes as this don't kill you." He acknowledged ill health and said, "But things of that sort don't hurt me - For to tell you the truth - that scene which you witnessed is the only thing I have done to day which has given me any pleasure."²³

Historian William Lee Miller noted that through "development of a conscious mature discipline, Lincoln came to be unusually respectful in his personal conduct of the dignity and independence of the human beings with whom he dealt."²⁴ This respect would not only contribute to his friendships but also contributed to freedom for black slaves.

Footnotes

1. Abraham Lincoln Papers at the Library of Congress. Transcribed and Annotated by the Lincoln Studies Center, Knox College. Galesburg, Illinois (James Q. Howard Biographical Notes, May 1860)..
2. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, p. 157-158 (Letter of Joshua F. Speed to William H. Herndon, January 12, 1866).
3. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, p. 181 (Letter from Joseph Gillespie to William H. Herndon January 31, 1866).
4. Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, Volume II, p. 354.
5. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, p. 165 (Leonard Swett's letter to William H. Herndon, January 17, 1866).
6. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, p. 43 (William H. Herndon interview with John Hanks, June 13, 1865).
7. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, p. 42 (Dennis F. Hanks interview with William H. Herndon, June 13, 1865).
8. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, p. 122 (William H. Herndon interview with David Turnham, September 15, 1865).
9. Charles H. Coleman, *Abraham Lincoln and Coles County, Illinois*, p. 115.
10. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, editor, *Lincoln Among His Friends: A Sheaf of Intimate Memories*, p. 85-87 (Philip Wheelock Ayres, *Review of Reviews*, February 1918).
11. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, editor, *Lincoln Among His Friends: A Sheaf of Intimate Memories*, p. 107 (James O. Cunningham, speech to the Fireland's Pioneer Association, Norwalk, Ohio, July 4, 1907).
12. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, editor, *Lincoln Among His Friends: A Sheaf of Intimate Memories*, p. 361-362 (John M. Bullock, *Century Magazine*, February 1898).
13. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, editor, *Lincoln Among His Friends: A Sheaf of Intimate Memories*, p. 365-366 (John M. Bullock, *Century Magazine*, February 1898).
14. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, editor, *Intimate Memories of Lincoln*, p. 543-547 (Frances Jacob Nickels, *Good Housekeeping*, February 1932).
15. Roy P. Basler, editor, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, Volume VI, p. 16-17 (Letter to Fanny McCullough, December 23, 1862).
16. Willard L. King, *Lincoln's Manager, David Davis*, p. 205.
17. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, p. 262 (Letter from Mary S. Vineyard to William H. Herndon, July 22, 1866).
18. Rufus Rockwell Wilson, editor, *Lincoln Among His Friends: A Sheaf of Intimate Memories*, p. 135 (Charles S. Zane, *Sunset Magazine*, October 1912).
19. William Lee Miller, *Lincoln's Virtues*, p. 364.
20. Michael Burlingame, editor, Noah Brooks, *Lincoln Observed: The Civil War Dispatches of Noah Brooks*, p. xxx (from Noah Brooks, "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" first published in *The Harper's Monthly Magazine*, May 1865).
21. Michael Burlingame, editor, *With Lincoln in the White House: Letters, Memoranda, and Other Writings of John G. Nicolay*, 1860-1865, p. 6 (Memorandum, October 16, 1860).
22. Michael Burlingame, editor, Noah Brooks, *Lincoln Observed: The Civil War Dispatches of Noah Brooks*, p. 41-42.
23. Douglas L. Wilson and Rodney O. Davis, editor, *Herndon's Informants*, (Letter from Joshua F. Speed to William H. Herndon, January 12, 1866).
24. William Lee Miller, *Lincoln's Virtues*, p. 364.

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John G. Nicolay (Mr. Lincoln's White House)

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Mary Brown's Trunk

MR. LINCOLN halted in his headlong haste to stoop over the figure of a little girl at the gate of a neighbor. "Why, Mary Brown, what's the matter?" And the tall man in the tall hat that prevailed in the 'fifties, peered at the teary face under the drooping brim.

"O Mr. Lincoln," came the sobbing answer, "I was going to grandma's to-day and the man hasn't come for my trunk and mother says I can't go!"

"She was a pretty little girl," wrote Ida M. Tarbell in her life of Lincoln, but all the fresh crispness her pink gingham could muster was unable to relieve the droop of ~~the dejected little shoulders.~~ Mr. Lincoln eyed the fresh frock, the "white jack" scalloped neatly around the edges, and the big white leghorn hat with roses on it. Mary was all ready—and the man had not come for her trunk!"

Whatever business had sent Mr. Lincoln down the street at such a tremendous pace was forgotten in this trouble that had come to Mary. As if he hadn't another thing in the world to do, he turned the matter of Mary's trunk and the vanishing trip over and over in his mind. "How big is that trunk, Mary?" he asked presently.

"Oh, it's only a little trunk, Mr. Lincoln. Just grandma's old hair trunk. She gave it to me, and I always take it when I go to see her."

"Ho! Ho! Come quick and we will see what we can do." And with his face all aglow, the big man strode into the house, calling out: "Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Brown! Where is Mary's trunk?"

Two minutes later the neighbors saw Mr. Lincoln, the little brown hair trunk on his shoulders, hurry out of the house, Mary Brown dancing by his side, trying to keep up with him as he fell again into his long strides. His face had lost its look of anxiety.

"Now wasn't that just like him!" said one who was watching the little play that came so near to ending in tragedy, from Mary's point of view, at least.

Lincoln's Great Heart.

Upon one occasion Lincoln attended a murder trial at Boonville and heard the case from beginning to end. The trial seemed interesting to him, but the most exciting feature of the whole case was the argument before the jury. The most eloquent plea and argument was made by a Kentucky lawyer named Brackenridge, a kin to John A. Brackenridge, of Indiana. After his argument before the jury all of the prominent men in the courtroom rose to congratulate him. Lincoln was in the courtroom at the time and he was anxious to shake hands with the eminent jurist in appreciation of his effort in behalf of his client.

Lincoln pushed himself through the crowd up to the attorney, and when he stretched out his hand to shake, Mr. Brackenridge pushed him aside and shook hands with those whom he considered more prominent. Lincoln was smitten by this act and always remembered the name Brackenridge, the attorney from Kentucky.

Several years after, at the second inauguration of Lincoln, thousands of people greeted the great war President. Hundreds of this number came from Kentucky, and among the number was this man Brackenridge. Recognizing him at once as the man who ignored him at Boonville several years previous, Lincoln grasped the man's hand with a hearty shake and said:—

"I am more glad to see you than any man I know of. I have always wanted to congratulate you upon that speech you made at Boonville several years ago."

Lincoln did not have to tell Brackenridge upon that occasion he ignored him, when he was a poor, struggling man, for Brackenridge followed with a complete apology.

Shortly after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln a picnic party from the little town of Dale went up to Lincoln City to the Lincoln farm and spent the day. The excitement was so high at that time that old people as well as young went to the farm and enjoyed themselves visiting the historical places in and about the Lincoln farm.

The cabin was still standing and but a short distance up on the hillside was a marble slab that marked the spot where the good mother of Abraham Lincoln lay beneath the sod. While there the picnicers went through the cabin where Lincoln saw his mother pass away and from which place he returned to Kentucky to get a minister to come to Indiana and bury his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln. A few old relics were found, among them being an old knot maul and an old fashioned mould-board plough, both of which had been left there when the Lincolns moved to Illinois. The old plough was brought outside and an old man by the name of Gabriel Medcalf stood between the handles while one

of the party caught a picture of the old Lincoln cabin. The old man carrying the pole was Joseph P. Haines, better known as Uncle Porter Haines. The picture of Lincoln's second log cabin was made from the original taken at the time this party went to the home along in the seventies. Emma T. Williams, of Dale, Ind., a granddaughter of Dave Turnihan, the old constable of Lincoln City, who permitted Abraham Lincoln to read the revised statutes, which he had in daily use there, has the original picture of this cabin and makes enlargements in India ink drawings.

The Nancy Hanks Lincoln monument erected at the grave of Lincoln's mother, is near this place. The beautiful little school house of Lincoln City stands upon the spot where the cabin stood, but every boy knows the tree and has a reverence for it, and knows the history of the great man whose boyhood days were spent there.

The number of boyhood friends of Abraham Lincoln who still survive the great emancipator are few. There may be some who still survive him, who have moved to distant parts. This is not known. Investigation extending over several months, brings out the fact that there still remains in Spencer county but one man who knew Abraham Lincoln when he was a boy. The man who claims this unique distinction is Redmond Griggsby, who lives in Chrisney. Mr. Griggsby is eighty-nine years old, and takes great delight in telling stories of the early life of Abraham Lincoln.

LETTER TO COOLIDGE TELLS LINCOLN STORY

Sheds Further Light On Kindness Of Emancipator, Who Befriended Stranger.

WRITTEN BY A MINISTER

Rev. E. E. Tyson, Of Atlantic City, Reveals Civil War Experience Of Brother.

Washington, Sept. 25.—What is believed to be a new and unpublished story of Abraham Lincoln is told in a letter received by President Coolidge from the Rev. E. E. Tyson, a Methodist minister of Atlantic City, N. J.

At the time of the Civil War Mr. Tyson, then a boy of 12, was a messenger boy in the War Department. He is familiar with the old Washington of war times, but his Lincoln story concerns an experience of an older brother. The story as told in the letter just received by President Coolidge follows:

"He (the Rev. Mr. Tyson's brother) was 17 years old when working at his painter's trade out in Illinois. Having been laid aside from work by a felon on one of his fingers, he boarded a train going to Springfield. As he entered the crowded train with his satchel in one hand, his other arm in a sling, a gentleman looking like a farmer, seated on a short seat near the water tank, noticed him and said:

"I guess there is room for two on this seat."

"Thanking him, my brother sat down beside him. He offered my brother a paper to read, but the latter said:

"Thank you, I am nursing a felon on my finger and do not care to read just now."

They Fall Into Conversation.

"They fell into conversation upon the leading topic of the day, the campaign for the Presidency between Lincoln and Douglas. My brother expressed the opinion that 'Abe' would be elected.

"Why so?" asked the other.

"I've been reading a book which portrays the political and social condition well, and I think the sympathies of the people are with Lincoln."

"Upon reaching Springfield the stranger kindly carried my brother's satchel off the train.

"I'd like to find a moderate-priced boarding house for a while," said my brother.

"Well, there is one near where I live; I'll point it to you."

"The stranger still carrying the

satchel, they finally reached the gate leading to the boarding house. As he set the satchel down inside the gate he said:

"There comes Mrs. Smith, who keeps this boarding house. Mrs. Smith, here is a young friend of mine whom I met on the train. He has a felon, and I thought you might know something to do for it. He wishes to stop with you for a while till he gets able to go to work again." And then he said, "good-by." But my brother said, "Sir, you have been very kind to me, and I would like to know your name before we part."

"Well, I'm that Abe Lincoln you have been thinking would be elected. I live down here a short distance; come see me. I have a law office up town; drop in when you can, read the papers and make yourself at home."

"Thanking him again, he said, 'I believe you will certainly be elected, Mr. Lincoln.'"

Met Family At Church.

"My brother, as his habit was, went to church the next Sunday, and there he met the Lincoln family, who invited him home to dinner with them. During the afternoon he played with Bob and Tad on the lawn, helped them put up a swing and got well acquainted, so that

after three years' service, when he was mustered out in Washington; still in his uniform, walking on Pennsylvania avenue, he recognized President Lincoln, and approaching him, said:

"I do not suppose, Mr. Lincoln, that you remember me." The President looked at my brother just a moment and then said:

"Why, Mr. Tyson, how long have you been in the army?"

Lincoln Moved To Tears.

"I have just been discharged after three years' service," he replied, at the same time handing his discharge to the President. As he saw the name of 19 battles and skirmishes my brother had been through, tears rolled down the great man's face, expressing beyond words his deep gratitude.

"Come into Willard's Hotel," he said, "and wait till I get back from the Capitol on some business. I want you to go up to the White House and meet the family."

"My brother waited, and finally Mr. Lincoln came and took him to have dinner with the family. That was the last time my brother saw the great man until he saw him in his coffin after his life work."

LINCOLN--KING AMONG MEN

ONE day, after Lincoln became a congressman, he was walking along the street, when he saw a little girl at a gate, crying. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Lincoln. The little girl explained that she was going on a journey, no one had come for her trunk and she was afraid she would miss the train. "How big is the trunk?" was the next question, as the tall man pushed through the gate.

When he saw it, Mr. Lincoln shouldered it, and very soon was striding down the street, with the little girl trotting behind him. "Just like him," said people when they heard.

A still more touching story is told of him during the hard days of the war. He was visiting at a hospital one afternoon and stopped to speak to a boy of sixteen, wounded mortally and near his end. Mr. Lincoln taking the thin, white hand, said, "My poor boy, what can I do for you?"

With a beseeching look, the little fellow turned his eyes up to the homely, kindly face, and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"That I will," answered the President, and calling for a pen, ink and paper, he seated himself and wrote a long letter. When it was finished the President rose, saying:

"I will mail this as soon as I get back from the office. Now is there anything else I can do for you?"

In some way the boy had come to know that it was the President. And so, looking at him in a most appealing way, he asked:

"Won't you stay with me till it's all over? It won't be long, and I do want to hold on to your hand."

That was too much for the great-hearted President to resist. The tears came to his eyes, and he sat down by him and took hold of his hand. The little

It was also like Lincoln to keep a promise when he made one.—*Publisher Unknown.*

fellow did not move or speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six when the end came.

But the President sat there as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came he bent over and folded the thin hands over the breast and then looked so sorrowfully at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded.

Was it any wonder that the soldiers loved him?



"WON'T YOU STAY WITH ME TILL IT'S ALL OVER?"

Abraham Lincoln

THE life-story of Abraham Lincoln, next to the Bible, is our greatest source of inspiration.

It has been said, and any doubter can easily prove the truth of the saying by personal and most profitable experiment, that the Bible can be opened at complete random to any page and the smallest passage read with spiritual enrichment and practical advantage.

The life of Lincoln offers a similar rich experience.

Every day he lived seems to have had a well-defined purpose.

Everything he did or said seems to have served that purpose.

Accordingly, of all the wealth that America possesses there is nothing of greater worth, of beauty, or permanence than the immortal Lincoln story.

Let us read that story, over and over again.

Let us especially encourage and urge American children to read it, for there is a great glory in it for children and a voice seems to emerge from it and a hand to extend from it for the particular guidance of children.

★ ★ ★

ABRAM LINCOLN had an affection for children that was only exceeded by their love for him.

Once there was a little girl standing at the gate in front of her home, and crying as if her heart would break.

She was about to embark on a great adventure, her first railroad trip.

But through some mischance, the hackman who had been depended upon to get her trunk to the station had not arrived.

And the trunk was much too heavy for the little girl to carry, and was indeed bigger than the child herself, and the precious minutes were fleeting.

At that tragic moment, Mr. Lincoln came by and the situation was explained to him.

"Oh, ho," cried the future President of the United States, "wipe your eyes and come on quick."

"And before I knew what he was going to do," the awed and happy child attested, in later life of course, "he had shouldered the trunk, was downstairs, and striding out of the yard.

"Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went.

"We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time."

★ ★ ★

MR. LINCOLN would break off the most solemn engagements and neglect the most august personages at the behest of children, even in mischievous circumstances.

There was an occasion in the White House when there were some very important people being ushered about the premises.

But also among those present were three small girls, poorly dressed and obviously there because they had "snuk in" as the President delightedly observed.

He permitted them to believe they were being successfully inobtrusive until they had completed their wide-eyed exploration of the mansion and were about to depart as informally as they had come, when he suddenly confronted them, saying:

"Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?"

★ ★ ★

MR. LINCOLN'S love for children was completely natural and spontaneous. En route to the national cemetery at Gettysburg where he was to deliver his immortal Gettysburg address, his train stopped momentarily at a small station and he became aware of a very small girl attempting to pass some flowers to him through the open window.

Turning from his serious companions, Mr. Lincoln leaned far out of the window, kissed the child and said:

"You are a sweet little rosebud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness."

Yes, the Lincoln story is second in importance to American children only to the Bible story.

It is part of their American inheritance, the very richest part.

Let it be told TODAY, the anniversary of his birth.

Let no American child ever be deprived of it, lest the glory of it be unrevealed and the inspiration it gives and the strength it imparts be denied.

HIS EXPLANATION.

BRAND Whitlock relates in the *American Magazine* an experience of his grandfather's that well illustrates Lincoln's kindly consideration for those about him:

My grandfather, Mr. Brand, did not go with his regiment to the West. He had been transferred to the commissary department, and he remained with the Army of the Potomac until the close of the war. It was about some detail connected with his duties in that department that, in 1865, he had the interview with President Lincoln that I so much liked to hear him tell about.

It was not in the course of his military duties that he went to see the commander-in-chief; whatever those duties were, they were quickly discharged at the War Department, so that, in the hours of freedom remaining to him before he went back to the front, he did what every one likes to do in Washington—he went to see the President.

His old friend Chase presented him to Mr. Lincoln, but their conversation was soon interrupted by the entrance of an aid who announced the arrival in the White House grounds of an Indiana regiment that was passing through Washington, and that wanted a speech from the President.

Lincoln complied, and as he rose to go out, he asked my grandfather to accompany him, and they continued their talk on the way. But when they stood in the White House portico, and the regiment beheld the President, and saluted him with its lifted cheers, the aid stepped to my grandfather's side, and much to his chagrin,—for he had been held by the President while he finished a story,—told him that it would be necessary for him to drop a few paces to the rear.

It was a little *contretemps* that embarrassed my grandfather, but Lincoln, with his fine and delicate perception, divined the whole situation, and met it with that kindness which was so great a part of the humanness in him, by saying:

"You see, Mr. Brand, they might not know which was the President."



